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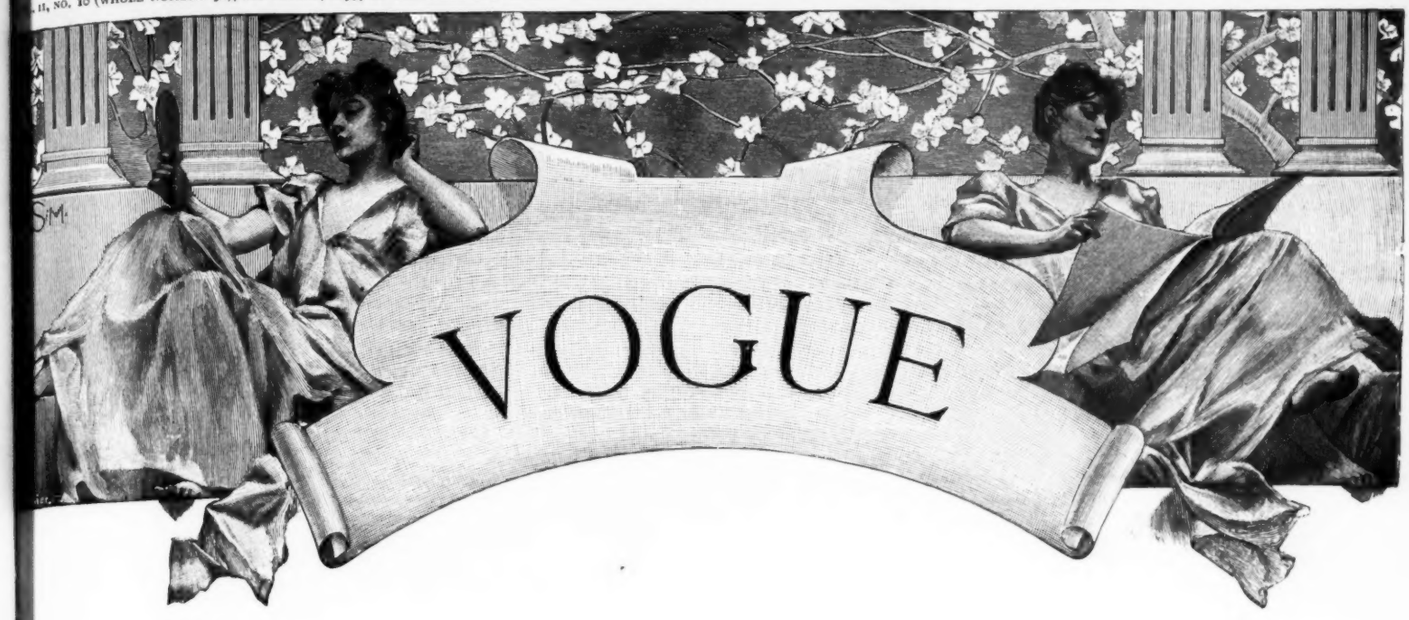

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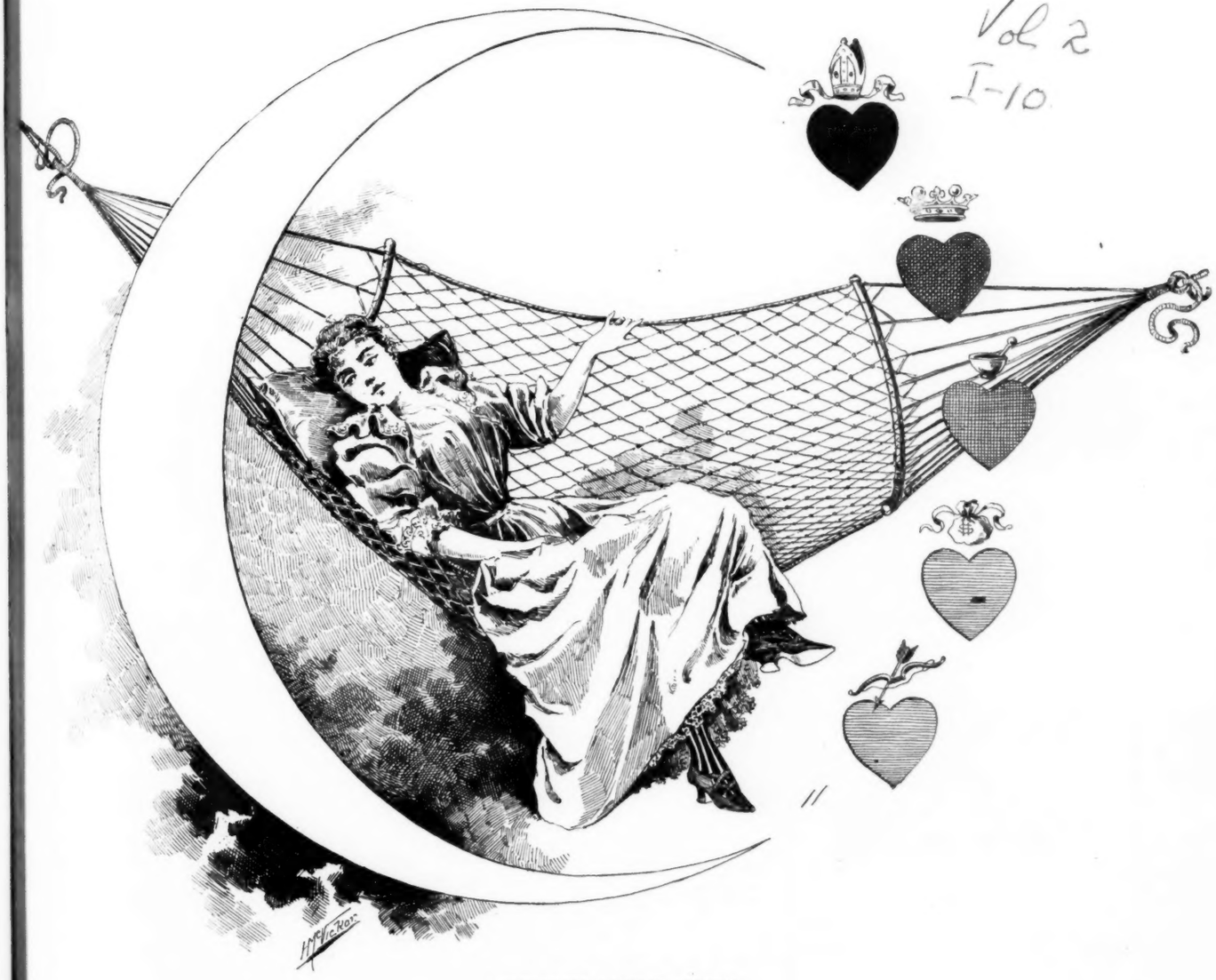

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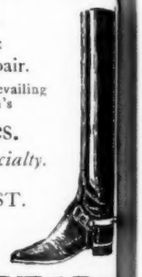

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VOGUE

RUNNING A GREAT RISK

DELLA: "You don't mean to say that you have jilted that fellow who was on the beach with you last night?'
DOROTHY: "Yes; I found out that he didn't have a cent."
DELLA: "But he was better than nothing!"

REACHED HIS LIMIT

"Did you have a nice time on the coaching party yesterday?" asked Milfred.

"Oh, yes; we had a delightful run," replied Ada.

"How far did you go?"

"About twenty miles, and I sat on the box-seat all the way."

"Who drove?"

"Charlie Meadowbrooke."

"How exciting! Was he handsome as ever?"

"The loveliest sight! He looked just as if he had stepped right out of a bandbox."

"And could you make him talk any?"

"Oh—some."

"Do tell me what he said!"

"First, I asked him a question about the horses, and he answered, 'Ah, y-e-s.'"

"How sweet of him!"

"Wasn't it? Then I made a foolish remark about the use of the brake, and he answered, 'Ah, n-o.'"

"Did he, really?"

"And then I asked him another question, but he didn't say anything at all."

"Why, didn't he hear you?"

"Oh, yes; but I suppose he had used up all his answers!" Harry Romaine.

A HELPFUL HELPMEET

"GEeoge, dear," cooed Mrs. McBride, as her husband came in and took her in his arms, "you'll be delighted with what your little birdie has done to-day."

"Of course I shall," replied George, gallantly, as he kissed the ripe red lips held up so invitingly.

"You men think women can't understand financial questions."

"Which one, for instance?"

These questions and answers were punctuated with kisses.

"Well, the silver question, for instance. You know you have been growling about the depreciation of silver and telling me that a silver dollar only contained sixty cents' worth of metal."

"Yes, and does my little birdie understand it thoroughly?"

"Indeed she does, and what is more she has made a practical application of the lesson."

"Indeed?" laughed George. "In what way has she applied it?"

"Why, since the silver in a dollar is worth but sixty cents, I thought it no more than right that you should be helped to get rid of your silver dollars. So I have increased Bridget's wages $2 a week, and Norah's $1.50, stipulating that they must accept silver dollars in payment. Wasn't your little girlie smart, and—but whatever's the matter, George? Surely you haven't fainted! Norah! Bridget! Oh, girls, bring some water here quick! Oh, what shall I do?"

William Henry Siviter.

SUMMER REVERIE—SUBJECT, REMITTANCE, NOT GIRL.

CLUBBY: "I know a woman who remembers Napoleon."

CHAPPY: "Gad! Why, a typical ballet-girl!"

MRS · CARROLL-MERCER ·
M·D
C·C·C
X
C·I·I·

CUPID'S SUCCESSFUL MILLINERY JOKE

CUPID'S COMMENTS

They strolled along, a maid and man;
They whispered words as lovers can
When head by heart is humbled;
Her blushes met his longing eye,
And Cupid watched them from hard by;
"Confound those flirts," he grumbled.

A handsome man with courtly grace
Was wooing, but his sweetheart's face
Was plain, her shape ungainly;
He told her in his love to trust.
Growled Cupid, "He is out for dust;"
He said it, too, profanely.

Then Cupid saw another pair;
The man was awkward; did he dare
To speak, a snub received.
He moped, he swore, yet still stayed by;
"There's love, by gad!" did Cupid cry,
And went away relieved.

Layton Brewer.

FIN DE SIÈCLE

OH, this is an end-of the-century tale,
Of the calm, analytical passion,
Of a man and a maiden who walked into love
In the end-of-the-century fashion.

Now perhaps you suppose that he read in her eyes
The sweet message that made him grow bolder;
Not at all! 'Twas expressed in the bend of her back,
And disclosed in the set of her shoulder.

They talked about art, and religion, and cults,
In a way condescending and airy;
They gave Mr. Kipling their qualified praise,
And expressed their approval of Barrie.

And when, on occasion, they talked of their love,
They analyzed all their sensations,
Dissecting poor love very neatly, because
They wanted to make observations.

But the end! were they wed in the usual way?
Did fate their lives cruelly sever?
Oh, this is an end-of-the-century tale,
And has no sort of ending whatever.

Hilda Johnson.

"LES FEMMES SONT DIFFICILES"

AT eighteen, lovely Nell declined
To be admired for aught but mind.

At twenty-one, she then averred,
She grace and savoir-faire preferred.

At twenty-eight, un peu fanée,
She only cared for beauty's sway.

And now, at thirty says, forsooth,
No charm can be as great as youth.

Moral I

Who scorns her present charms may find
She lives to mourn those left behind.

Moral II

And when you sue for woman's grace,
Praise eighteen's mind and thirty's face.

Beatrice Hanscom.

A DISCONSOLATE CUSTODIAN

A HINT—
WHEN WE AGAIN HAVE A TRY AT
ROYALTY.
GLOVES OF
CHARLES I.
WHITE
KID
WALKING
GLOVE
EVENING
GLOVES
OH BOTHER!

MENS GLOVES FOR EVENING
DRIVING GLOVES.
SOMETHING IMMACULATE.
THE ONLY PERSON THAT CAN WEAR MITTENS
D — MN!
A DUDE
TO THE LAST
GLOVE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

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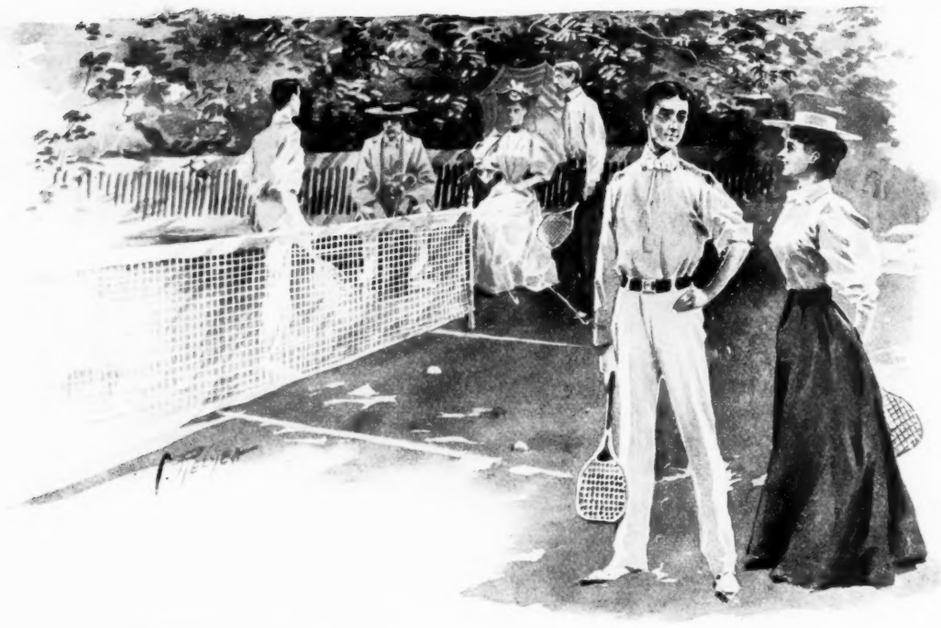


TENNIS

THey talked across the tennis net,
The sun shone warm above;
She asked the score. Their glances met.
He answered: "Fifteen—Love."

The pause, the emphasis were pat—
She let her lashes fall.
"Have many others called you that?"
"Well, yes—some thirty all."

He frowned a very savage frown.
She softly called him—goose—
He only flung his raquet down
And muttered low: "The 'deuce.'"

But soon his 'vantage plainly seen
He said, "Come, dropping fun,
Just tell me, do you love fifteen?"
She said: "I love but one."

But I will cut the story short
The ending is the same;
For her—why she had won the court—
For him—why, it was game.

Martha M. Schultze.

ONE OR THE OTHER

SHE: "It is no sign, because a girl is engaged to a man, that she is willing to marry him."

HE: "No. But it is a sign that the man is willing to run the chances."

THAT IS WHY

TRIVVET: "Why is Miss Elder wringing her hands?"

DICER: "Because no man rings her finger."

MISS ETHEL BE BUDD
THE COUNT
MRS. PENSLEY-PYM
SEVERAL OTHERS, ALPHABETICALLY

Fairy bower in the conservatory during the Pensley-Pym reception.

I

MISS DE BUDD (with almost a sob): "No, Count, it can never be!"

THE COUNT (appealingly): "Vy, my tear Miss de Butt, I pray you?"

MISS DE BUDD (nervously): "Because—er . . . oh, don't ask me; I don't know. I'm—er—afraid of you!. . . There; that's all there is about it."

THE COUNT (with a quiver of emotion): "Zen . . . I mus' leafe you—forefer?"

MISS DE BUDD (almost tragically): . . . "Forever!"

THE SPINSTER

(Sixth and last of Series)

"AH, YES; A HANDSHAKE!"

THE COUNT (with a sigh): "Mon Dieu! c'est possible? Après tout çela . . . But, my tear Miss de Butt, before I go, I pray zat you gif me wan token of your regaird. May I not hope for efen zat?"

MISS DE BUDD (freezingly): "Oh, yes; a hand-shake!" (Holds out her hand.)

COUNT (clasping the trembling finger-tips fervently): "Only zis? Ah, eet is cruale—so cruale! Mais, Dieu vous bénisse, ma belle—— (bends down, burying his lips in the warm dimples with lingering ecstasy, just as Mrs. Van A. peeps over the edge of the bower of orchids, utters a little exclamation, then retreats precipitately).

MISS DE BUDD (seeking to repair her shattered nerves in the solitude of the dressing-room): "There! thank heaven, that disagreeable matter is done."

THE COUNT (lighting a cigar on the balcony): "Bah! ces Américaines ci! . . ."

II

Here and there about the grand salon during the preparations for the cotillon.

MRS. VAN A. TO MRS. DE B.: "Dear! dear! I wish people would be discreet. I accidentally ran upon Ethel de Budd and her Count spooning outrageously in the conservatory a moment ago. They certainly must be engaged, etc."

MRS. DE B. TO MISS VON C. (whispering): "Entre nous, Maud, don't go into the conservatory, for Ethel de Budd and her fiancé, the Count, are—well, making hay while, etc."

MISS VON C. TO COLONEL D.: "By the bye, Colonel, have you congratulated Miss de Budd upon her engagement to the Count? I know it's not quite good form to congratulate the prospective bride; but the Count is so exceptionally genuine, etc."

COLONEL D. TO MRS. PENSLEY-PYM, THE HOSTESS: "Everybody seems going wild to-night over Miss de Budd's engagement. Wasn't it quite a surprise?"

MRS. PENSLEY-PYM (who has had the morceau from four different sources by this time): "Surprise? Oh, my dear Colonel, that's quite an old story, I assure, etc." (Hastens to the dressing-room, where she finds Ethel reclining pensively over a vinaigrette, and whom she kisses with much affectionate warmth) "I was ever so glad to hear it, dear; and I know you will be so happy with the dear Count, for he adores you—actually adores you!"

ETHEL (too much stunned to speak): "But——"

MRS. PENSLEY-PYM: "Oh, don't deny, dear; it's no longer good form, you know. Besides, you were caught spooning delightfully in the conservatory, which was too bad of you; but we forgive you, now that we have the good news——"

ETHEL (horrified): "But, my dear Mrs. Pen—— (chokes and bursts into tears).

MRS. PENSLEY-PYM: "Oh, don't excuse it; we were all young and in love too, once, though few so fortunate as to be loved by a second cousin of a queen——"

ETHEL (sobbing): "But . . . but, I don't love him. I hate him!"

MRS. PENSLEY-PYM: "Tut! tut! What! a quarrel—so soon? Why, the poor fellow adores you, worships you. He has told me so a dozen times. And he is such a prize too, Eth; pray don't do anything disagreeable just when everybody below is waiting to shower their blessings upon you. Calm yourself and come right down; they are wild with delight, etc. . . ."

ETHEL (left alone at last): "Dear! dear! So I'm engaged in spite of myself, am I? And all because I was caught allowing the Count that one tender little privilege. . . . It seemed too mean to send him off without even that much. . . . So he really loves me? After all, it's rather nice to be adored by a cousin to a reigning queen, and . . .

"CALM YOURSELF AND COME RIGHT DOWN"

now—now I suppose the poor chap will go and blow his brains out. Dear me! what a scandal! Really, that would be too bad of me. I—I must not actually allow that. Besides, I feel rather sorry for him—really I do . . . And now I must go to supper with him. (Sighs) What an ordeal! . . . (Arranges herself before the mirror) I—I hope he won't see that I've been crying."

III

Ethel, looking more ravishing than ever, saunters down the grand stair, at the foot of which she finds the Count pacing up and down like a caged panther.

COUNT: "Oh, Miss de Butt! Miss de Butt! I look eferywhere for you."

ETHEL (calmly): "Really?" (Allows him to approach near enough to whisper.)

COUNT: "Mon Dieu! eferbody congratulate me: zey sink we air engaged. I come to pray you zat you will not accuse me of ze rumor."

ETHEL: "Oh, is that all? You need not have minded; I know you to be too honorable for that. (Chokes.) You-er-contradicted, of course."

COUNT: "Contradeek ze Américains?—Sapristi! Zey will not let me. In ze smoking-room, in ze salon, in ze conservatoire—eferywhere zey clasp my han', an' w'en I say, 'Pardon, Mesdames! . . . pardon, Messieurs! mais, eet is wan meestake!' zey say, 'Ah, Count, we all know; zare is no use to deny!' Wot can I do? C'est horrible!"

ETHEL (with averted eyes): "Is it . . . so—really so . . . awfully——" (Chokes.)

COUNT: "Eet is—vot you say?—embarrassment. For myself I care nossing; I only sink of you, an' my heart ees sorry!"

ETHEL: "How the poor fellows love me! . . ."

COUNT: "Mon Dieu! vot shall I do? Vy you do not speak? Vot shall I answer zem?"

ETHEL (quivering): "Nothing!"

COUNT (in a whisper): "Nossing?"

ETHEL (still lower): "Nothing!"

COUNT: "Mais . . . (bewildered) but zey will continue——"

ETHEL (scarcely audible): "Let them!"

COUNT (amazed, not comprehending): "But . . . but eet is not true. Ciel! . . . (perceiving her silent emotion) Vy . . . vy, you haf been—how you say?—weeping! Nom de Dieu! zose air tears——"

ETHEL (glancing up): "Well, aren't you enough to—to make a—a stone shed tears?"

COUNT (bewildered): "Vy?—I . . . haf I done somesing——"

ETHEL: "No; that's the trouble. You have done nothing. . . . You are so stupid!"

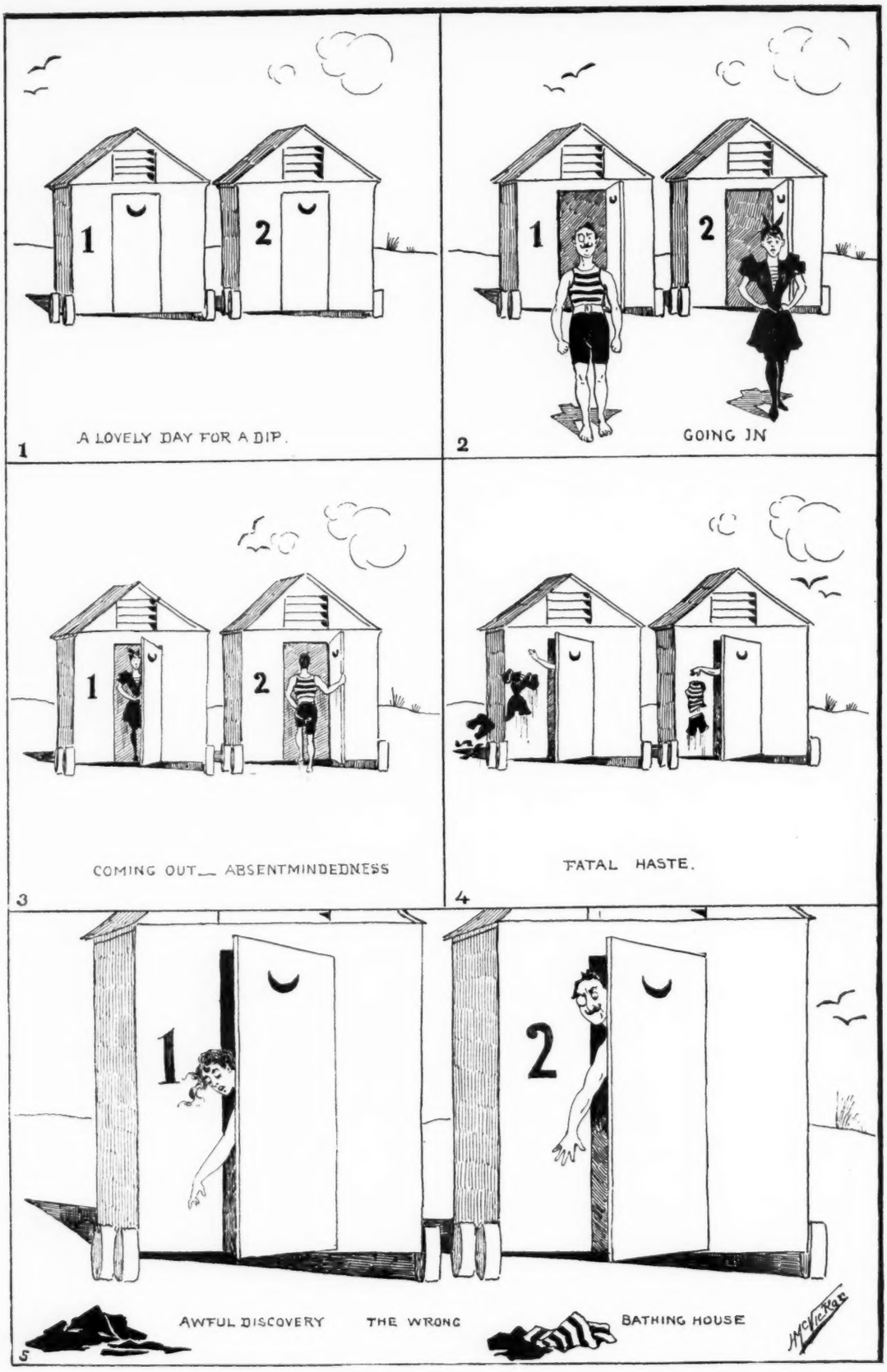
MRS. PENSLEY-PYM (bursting upon them suddenly): "Oh, here you are, off in one corner again when everybody is down at supper. We've left the places of honor for you. You will receive an ovation. Come, right now!" (Disappears.)

COUNT (tenderly): "If ve go . . . ma belle amie, you know vot zat means!"

ETHEL (looking up with the smile of a seraph and taking the Count's arm): "We'll go!"

Count: "Dieu! Dieu! ces belles Américaines sont énigmes . . . mais, très joli pourtant . . . n'est pas?" (Treads the thin air of seventh heaven.)

"WE'LL GO!"



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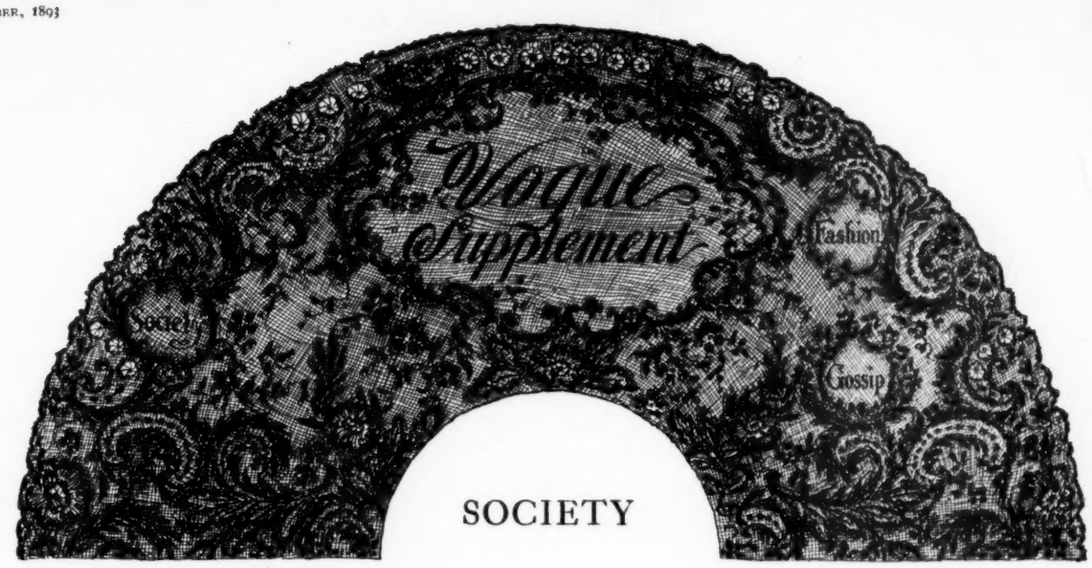

SOCIETY

THE first week in September marks a shifting of the scenes in the social drama. The seashore is the first to lose its transient guests, who flock inland in search of other amusements than bathing and sailing. Newport gaieties wane. Bar Harbor seems far away; while there may not be many departures therefrom, the arrivals are few in number, and to Lenox, the true fashionable autumn resort, attention is being turned. There will be some familiar faces seen in town the next few days. While the autumn fashions are not yet en evidence, it is necessary to replenish the wardrobes, which show some signs of the summer campaign, in the crumpled chiffon and a certain fade look that the gowns worn at the seashore must needs present at this time of year. And so bright, happy young faces are seen, and Delmonico's has quite a spurt of gay life for the coming week, while Society is passing through town, and the modistes and milliners have their parlors filled with their patrons, who, if they do not come to purchase, are generally tempted to leave an order, while they are told what the new styles are to be.

So surely as the golden-rod appears in the fields, marking the advent of autumn, so surely, does the floral parade fever, like the grip, seize upon every community. At Bar Harbor, instead of having the carriages decorated, the canoes are made wondrously beautiful.

There was a flower parade there some short time ago, one of the usual kind, where horses and traps alike were covered with blossoms; but this canoe parade far exceeded it in originality and beauty. The day was not favorable, for rain threatened, but it did not fall, and the pretty, graceful boats presented a beautiful spectacle. Commodore Philip Livingston and his wife were in the first boat, which was completely covered with ferns and sweet peas. Sweet peas, sunflowers and golden-rod were the favorite flowers, but there was great individuality of taste shown in the decorations of the boats.

There have, as yet, been no engagements announced as the outcome of the Bar Harbor season, which, in view of the fact of an unusual number of pretty women and many eligible bachelors, seems passing strange. Tongues are wagging briskly all the same over the possible engagement of an extremely handsome and popular widow and a very short-time widower, whose devotion to his wife was always commented upon. The younger set at Bar Harbor have been having a very gay time. There have been quite a number of dances given for them. Miss Tolfree, the Misses del Monte and Miss Minturn are still the great favorites.

At North East Harbor there has been a great gathering of intellectual people—quite a literary set, it is said. Professor Drummond, of Scotland, whose world-wide reputation has but been increased since his visit here this summer, is a great favorite. This week M. Paul Bourget is expected and there is a great desire to find out which of the two fashionable resorts, Bar Harbor or Newport, he will prefer.

With the arrival of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's new steam yacht (a steamship, as she might more justly be called,) the W. K. Vanderbilts will again assume their place at the head of the family. Mr. George Vanderbilt's place at Biltmore, Mrs. Elliot F. Shephard's and Mrs. Webb's country estates may be wonderful in size and architecture, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's new ball-room may be the largest in the city—but all as nothing compared to the new and wonderful craft. Is there anything else this family can do? They would seem to have attained all that ordinary mortals can think of in the way of luxury. At all events, they certainly give those who are fortunate enough to be their chosen friends much pleasure, and the amount they give in charity every year, if made known, would surprise those who talk about the foolish waste of money.

Newport's gaiety still continues, albeit there is not so much going on. The swing of the pendulum is slower, with now and then a tendency to stop; but there is sufficient to do all the time and few of the cottagers have gone. One of the inside circle, who has been very indignant over the accusation that women rouge, declares that the belles at Newport this season owe their freshness of complexion, while in the open air, at all events, to the wearing of the white chiffon veils, which certainly do impart a wondrously fresh and youthful look to the skin. Mrs. Cruger has been much admired this season. She has grown much stouter during the past year, which is certainly becoming, and her figure, which has never owed anything to the use of stays, is, to use her favorite expression, "svelte."

What the principal gaiety will be at Lenox this autumn it is hard to say. Probably very much the same as in years gone by. Golf will not attain much prominence, and [illegible] never goes beyond a certain point of interest. The younger girls shoot well, and every one knows it is a most picturesque and becoming sport; but it requires practice, and the gay devotees of fashion who come here for the Lenox season, do not care to be bothered with anything which involves any particular trouble. Musicales and dinners are always in favor at Lenox. Dances are few in number, although many of the houses are well adapted for this form of entertainment. Mrs. F. K. Sturgis, Mrs. Robert Chapin and Mrs. Belle Neilson have been the most prominent entertainers up to now. The Anson Phelps Stokes have returned from Europe and are busy superintending the finishing of their house, which bids fair to be the show place. It is certainly one of the largest, and although as yet in a most unfinished condition, is very handsome. There are to be veritable art treasures of all kinds inside its walls, and there is much impatience felt to see it completed. Mr. and Mrs. Orme Wilson have returned from Shinnecock Inn, where they spent a fortnight. They will, it is said, entertain largely this coming month. The day of cheap living at Lenox is over, and the impecunious bachelor can no longer find it a delightful place to stay. The hotel bills are high, and fashion, no less than the long distances, has decreed that he must ride, not walk everywhere, and the livery bills may reach the height of the Eiffel tower before the autumn is past. Some say this is done to keep ineligible parties away from the place, but no verification of the rumor has ever been brought forward.

Society will assemble itself together at the Otis-Edey wedding at Bellport on September 14th. September weddings are rare events—but there will be many people near town who will be present, as well as others who will come from longer distances. Miss Otis is a tall, handsome brunette, who has been out only a short time, but who has many friends. The groom is a great favorite, and the Otis connection is limitless, so that the beautiful old place where the wedding is to be celebrated will be none too large for the guests, who are to be taken there on a special train.

LONDON BY THE WAY OF CARLSBAD

(From Our Own Correspondent)

DO you know the kind of life one lives here? It's not a lazy one by any means, that is, if one goes in conscientiously for the cure. By six o'clock every one is up and out, walking down the hilly streets with glasses or mugs slung across their shoulders to the various springs, where bare-headed, fair-haired little German girls serve the waters to you. There you drink leisurely, walking up and down or sitting under the trees or in the collonades. Then comes an hour's walk and then every one sets off for home, all the women and most of the men carrying great bunches of the most lovely roses which, cheap and fresh, are for sale on all the streets. Breakfast follows—only coffee and long bread, no butter and perhaps an egg. The baths come next and fill up the rest of the morning. Dinner is at one o'clock and consists of one dish only, and one vegetable; no sweets, a glass of light wine and Giessenblak water. An hour's rest and then we all turn out again, some to the springs for a second dose, but all to walk until supper at seven, which again consists of only one plat. A short walk or half an hour's rest on the terrace, and by nine we are all in bed and glad to be there. And so in regular routine the days go by, and it is astonishing to find how rapidly they slip by. The air is so delicious, the pine wood walks so charming, the quaint paved streets so novel, the shops so alluring, the different nationalities one meets at every step so interesting, one has not an instant in which to be dull. Then, too, one is always coming across some one one knows.

As I was wending my way to the Schloss Brunnen this morning who should I meet but Mr. and Mrs. Willie Day, both here for the cure. They have their two young daughters with them and are staying at the Königs Villa, where also is Mme. Bombergier, Baron de Hirsch's sister, one of the richest of Hungarian women. Mr. Willie Cutting's was the next familiar face and, naturally, not far away, Mrs. Von Hoffman, who is looking very ill. The Duchess of Manchester, by the way, arrives to-day, and Judge Andrews and his wife are also here, she looking as handsome as ever and quite as charming. They go on from Carlsbad to Reigatz, then to Paris, and sail early in October for New York. Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Moore, of London and New York—the Moores have such a charming house in Prince of Wales Terrace and are always hospitable to Americans, and the greatest possible favorites everywhere—are also under the cure. In their party is Captain Carew, a brother to Lady Sladen, who joins him here to-day. Mr. Rumill of Springfield, faithful as ever to Carlsbad, has returned for his third season, and Mrs. Parkinson Sharp, equally devoted, makes also her third visit. Lady Wolff is just up the hill. Duleep Singh has been indefatigable in his strict adherence to rules and regulations, and has taken tremendous walks every day, once even to Marienbad and back, but apparently without much success. I could not see that his portly rotundity had decreased to any measurable degree. Miss Fanny Reed is another who goes in thoroughly for the cure, and certainly she left looking all the better for it. We have no end of Russians, a whole colony of Dalgourowkies, each one of whom bears his own individual title, and a charming Roumanian countess, in whom every one is deeply interested. She has been a hopeless invalid for seven years and in all that time never once put her foot to the ground; but such has been the effect of the cure of Carlsbad, she is expected to walk a few steps to-day for the first time. Such are the incidents and petite affaires which interest us here rather than balls and "at homes," dinners and garden parties, and oh, what a happy change it is! One dresses so simply, too. Just a neat tailor-built gown, or simple linen frock, made quite short, for the morning, with a quiet hat in straw, and for the afternoon and evening a little foulard toilet or a silk costume with a smart hat—for one is never without one's hat here—and such a sensible and comfortable costume, since it saves all bother of hair toilettes more than once a day.

In the afternoon one generally walks slowly down to Pupp's and sits under the trees with coffee before her on the little wooden table covered with brilliant red cloths, and listens to the music, which is always of the very best, the splendid Government Band from Vienna playing three or four times a week. At Pupp's one meets every one sooner or later, and a more delightful, lazy way of ending up an absolutely unconventional day cannot be imagined.

My London letters this morning give me two items of news of interest to you, Vogue. Madame Nordica, that most dainty of transatlantic prima donnas, had the honor of singing at Osborne before the Queen and all the royalties entertained at dinner in honor of the German Emperor, the last evening of his visit. She charmed every one and returned to West Cowes overwhelmed with gracious compliments. What was her dismay, however, when on reaching her private rooms at the Marine Hotel, to find she had lost a magnificent diamond pendant worth some £300, and very dear to her for associations' sake. She immediately sent word to the police and to Osborne House, but no trace of it was forthcoming. Poor Madame Nordica passed a most unhappy night; but—as we are told by a very wise and ancient sage—"joy cometh in the morning," and so it was, for early the next day that most obliging and always admirable equerry to her majesty, Mr. Charles Fraser, sent over a special messenger with the precious jewel safe and sound. It had been found under a piece of furniture in the drawing-room where Mme. Nordica had sung, and evidently been swept aside by some one's train.

The latest engagement just announced is that of Captain S. H. Baird, late of the 10th Royal Hussars, and Miss Millicent Bessie Clarke, the second daughter of Colonel Stanley Clarke, the Prince of Wales's favorite equerry. Mrs. Stanley Clarke is one of the handsomest and smartest women in the Marlborough House set. She is a sister to Mrs. Sloane Stanley, who once was so much talked about and criticised, and both are daughters of the late Lady Rose, who was Miss Charlotte Temple of Albany, and aunt to Henry James. Colonel Clarke's eldest daughter married two or three years ago Mr. Frank Bibbey, an enormously rich cotton spinner from Manchester. More Carlsbad news in my next. Diane.

Carlsbad, 10 August, 1893.

PARIS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

WHat on earth will the men do with their hands, now that they are no longer to be permitted to use them for carrying their hats when in evening dress? A full-fledged revolution in this respect has taken place within the last two or three months, and hats are now left in the cloak-room or ante-chambers, the men entering the salons empty handed. Very few men know how to do so gracefully and with elegance, and hitherto the hat has been regarded by the majority of the stronger sex much in the same way that we women employ fans, namely, "pour nous donner une contenance." There are many women who would be greatly embarrassed to know how to dispose of their hands were they deprived of their fans, smelling bottles, handkerchiefs, bouquets, etc. Formerly it was considered to be the acme of good breeding for men to retain their hats in their hands throughout the evening, and no one dreamed of entering a salon without a jibus or opera crush-hat beneath the arm or in the hand. At first they were lined with the most extravagantly colored silks and satins, adorned with huge monograms and coronets. By degrees, however, better taste began to prevail. The linings were of black satin, while the monograms and coronets were reduced in size. About three years ago the Prince de Sagan and other leaders of fashion began to supersede the jibus by the ordinary tall silk hat for evening wear, a most illogical and awkward custom. This was all very well at theatres and even at dinner parties, but it was not long before the mode was brought to a close by the shocking condition to which the tiles were reduced at the close of crowded receptions. It is at these functions that our ultra-chic young men have welcomed with much satisfaction this new London custom of leaving the hat along with the overcoat in the cloak-room.

There is a rage at the present moment for rock crystal, both here and in London, and almost everything that one can think of is made of that material, either engraved or inlaid with gold or silver. Candlesticks, scones, flagons, vases, seals, writing tables, card tables, paper-cutters, pens and dessert knives are all now of rock crystal inlaid with gold and silver and studded with jewels. I even hear of an Indian vassal Prince of Queen Victoria, the Rajah Kapurthala, who has been spending some time here, and who is now, I believe, in New York, actually traveling about with a crystal dinner table, his object being to see whether any of the guests present are presumptuous enough to in any way faire le pied with their pedal extremities while accepting his hospitality.

Although, as a rule, I do not take much interest in legal matters, yet I have been pleased by the decision which has just been reached by the supreme court of appeal here, to the effect that a husband is not entitled to use his marital authority to open the letters addressed to his wife, or those written by her to her friends. This is a verdict which will give great satisfaction to every one of our sex in this country. But I fear that it will be a satisfaction of a moral rather than of a practical character, and I doubt whether the law, as now interpreted, will be effective in the protection of our confidential correspondence

GOWN OF BLACK SURAH. BANDS OF BLACK SATIN ON SKIRT. BLACK SATIN SASH. WHITE LACE TRIMMINGS AND FLOUNCE

COSTUME OF BROWN SURAH. BANDS OF TAN LET INTO SKIRT COVERED WITH OPEN WORK PASSEMENTERIE IN BROWN. CREPON RUFFLES IN TAN. HAT, BROWN STRAW WITH BROWN TRIMMINGS

RUFF OF BLACK CHIFFON—PARTICULARLY "CHIC" IF RUFFLES ARE EDGED WITH HALF-INCH, SIMPLE PATTERN WHITE LACE

L.L. ROUSH Des

from the prying curiosity of those who are never tired of reminding us that we have promised obedience to them. Men of breeding, high principle and refinement, do not require any duly codified law to prevent their endeavoring to secure possession of any little secrets that we may have, by the dishonorable means of breaking the seal of our private correspondence. They would no more dream of doing such a thing than they would of bursting in the door of our dressing-room when it happens to be bolted while we are engaged in the soins de la toilette. On the other hand, a man who is coarse-natured and unprincipled enough to open our letters in our absence, is not likely to be prevented from so doing by any legal considerations, especially when he has hopes of being able to find in the letter some secret which will place either his wife or his friend, perhaps both, at his mercy. The decision of the court of appeal is therefore to us a satisfaction purely of a theoretical and moral character, and constitutes for the first time a legal recognition of our prerogative to have secrets which our husbands, notwithstanding all their marital authority, are not entitled to know.

Very amusing was the contrast in the appearance of the grand monde and of la haute bourgeoisie, as well as of la province, at the grand military review held on the race course at Longchamps on July 14th. Whereas the provincial dames and the ladies of le grand commerce and la haute finance got themselves up regardless of expense, deeming that to honor the army of France their finest feathers should be brought to bear, the great ladies who remained here for the occasion donned their most ordinary attire, and as a rule were arrayed in that most serviceable and uncrushable of fabrics so comfortable on such a hot day, namely, foulard. The result was apparent during the procession homeward at the conclusion of the review, for whereas the great ladies wore a pleased, satisfied and generally undisturbed expression, those who had been so gorgeously dressed in the morning presented traces of fatigue, annoyance, and above all, disgust at the disastrous manner in which their delicate toilettes had been crushed, trampled upon and generally ill-treated in the dense crowd, which was so great that it was impossible to pick out any one toilette as commanding particular attention, unless it be the pretty dress worn by the American wife of the English Secrétaire d'Ambassade, Mr. Austin Lee. Her gown was fortunately preserved from harm, as its wearer occupied a place in the Presidential tribune. The material was of white muslin embroidered with fine black silken dots, and moreover, traced with a soft mauve crossbar design in faint, rosy heliotrope woven in silk through the muslin. The skirt was bell shaped with several narrow little flighty flounces around the hem, edged with black and white Valenciennes. A sash belt of black satin encircled the waist, while a series of little lace-tipped volants formed an oval yoke, back and front, from beneath which the gauzy muslin fell, shirred on to the lining just above the bust, the requisite fullness being drawn down under the satin waistband. The sleeves were trimmed in a corresponding manner to the top of the corsage, or from shoulder to elbow with lace-edged flounces. Thence to the wrist the material was finely shirred and terminated beneath narrow cuffs of black satin, of which material the collar band was also made. The dress was mounted upon an Ophelia silk lining. A large hat of black chip accompanied this toilette, the brim rather broad and slightly arched above the face. It was trimmed with black ostrich tips, curling away to right and left from a broad, low buckle of finely cut steel, through which the crown-band of black velvet was neatly passed. Just underneath the brim and forming a becoming note of color to the smiling face of your charming compatriote lay a tiny bunch of pale yellow carnations, streaked with deep pink. The toilette was most effective and excited considerable admiring comment.

Comtesse de Champdoce.

Paris, August, 1893.

OF INTEREST TO HER

After all there is no place like Newport, and I could not but rejoice to leave the woods and fields and meadows and mountains of the interior and settle down for a week at this most bewitching of all places. Of course, notwithstanding other engagements, it was impossible to resist the invitation of an old friend, who is also a rich friend, and one who has a cottage on Bellevue Avenue, and carriages and horses, and maid servants and men servants, to make life agreeable, and, above all, a hereditary entrée to all the smart houses, and a life-long intimacy with the smartest people. Behold, me, then, in the very swim, and try to imagine your humble little friend seated at a marqueterie writing-table, in a lovely pink and white boudoir which opens out of her dainty bedroom, and sipping her morning coffee from an exquisite cup of pink and white china, which exactly matches the furnishings of the room. For in this luxurious household a breakfast table is unknown Each guest is served with a separate tray, with tea or coffee equipage in silver and porcelain, and delicious French rolls, fresh butter, and any little dainty that the chef's fancy may have conceived to stimulate the appetite in the early hours. I never see my hostess until luncheon time, which is sometimes called breakfast here, but I am duly notified about eleven o'clock that the pony-cart or brougham, if I prefer obscurity after my bath, is ready to take me to the beach. At Bailey's Beach, where, of course, I, having the cachet of good society, am permitted to go—the utmost exclusiveness is maintained. It is a private bathing ground supported by subscription, and the names of those who apply for admission are as carefully scanned as they would be for a Delmonico or Sherry dance. At the old beach a huge pavilion has been created for excursionists, who bathe there in swarms. Consequently, the smart set go there no more.

After the bath comes luncheon—a most delicious repast—with flowers, silver, cut-glass and course after course of dainties, noiselessly served by butler and footmen in irreproachable morning dress. People drop in, informally, and the most delightful chit-chat follows. Your partner of the night before comes to inquire after your health and well-being, a girl friend throws the reins to a groom at the front door, and rushes in to talk over the ball or to suggest a Dutch treat, or to invite you to take a spin with her in the afternoon to the golf or polo grounds. Luncheon over, and the most disagreeable two hours in the day loom up before you, those devoted to formal visits and the leaving of cards. But even this forced civility is not always quite unbearable, for you often find a pleasant coterie in the drawing-rooms where you call, and if there happens to be a man to spare—which does not often happen this year at Newport—you may have a very good time in the gardens and conservatories.

The afternoon drive, which is from five to seven, is bewildering. Such a concourse of people, such a glitter of harness, such a winding in and out to avoid collisions, and such a shrinking of poor little nobodies into the corners of victorias when a tandem leader deliberately turns round and puts his head into your carriage, "as if he were struck with your beauty and longed to make your acquaintance" as his elegant owner calls out, while he whips him into place again, but to poor little frightened me—as if he were a wild beast broken loose, and proposing to eat me up on the spot.

Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt, of course, is a conspicuous figure wherever she goes, and the high Stanhope that she drives shows her off to immense advantage as she handles the reins with the skill and strength of an expert, and the magnificent cross match team of gray and bay that she drives obey every movement of her slender wrist. She is a handsome woman, not large, but showing a great deal of force and spirit in her face and she is more intellectually inclined than many women of her set. It is said that when she is at Oakdale—her Long Island home—the greater part of her time is spent in reading and writing, and that she devotes as much time to those pursuits as does Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger in her favorite "den" at Idlesse. But to go back to Bellevue Avenue. For ladies who are a little old-fashioned and are content to be driven and not to drive, there is, after all, nothing so pretty as the victoria, and it is in one of these, most richly appointed and drawn by a superb pair of bays, which are said to have been purchased from Mr. Ashmead Bartlett Burdett-Coutts, that Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt is most often seen. This lady, the wife of one of the younger of the Vanderbilt brothers, who was considered to have been cut off with a shilling, because not more than twenty millions of his father's estate fell to his share, is quite unlike her sister-in-law in appearance. She has the beauty of youth and freshness, with a superb complexion and dazzling teeth, and is very cordial and affable in manner. As a hostess she is charming, without reserve or hauteur, and is, therefore, more popular than Mrs. Willie K. One could wish, however, that she had the latter's exquisite taste in dress, as Mrs. Frederick's fancy runs to show and glitter and very bright and showy tints. When I saw her on the Avenue she was wrapped in a mantle of as many colors as Joseph's coat, and with a redundancy of gold trimming that would have been the delight of a circus rider.

New London has at last a Casino, a rallying point for the cottagers, who make that resort their summer home. No place now seems complete without a Casino, and while New

London has yielded at last, it has yielded. These clubs are a great feature of summer life, and their universal success is a sufficient test of their popularity. People need a common meeting place where they can go and talk over their neighbors without the feeling of its not being exactly well-bred to discuss one's guests in one's own house. Some people object on the ground that it interferes with visiting, calling from house to house. At one of the Casinos lately a woman, who is noted for her laziness, no less than her insufferable air of patronage, told a new comer, a young bride, that she must consider their conversation at the club a formal visit. The young bride waited until the lady walked out on the broad verandah, and then following her said: "Ah, good morning, Mrs. ——; so glad to find you, for I can now have the pleasure of returning your call." With the social future of this quick-witted but rash young aspirant for honors we have naught to say, and it is wiser not to lift the veil of next winter's experience.

At the dance which marked the opening of the New London Casino, the cottagers turned out in full force. Among the noticeably pretty women were Mrs. John Alexandre, Mrs. Charles Sackett and Mrs. William Appleton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Goelet have been entertaining on board of their yacht The White Ladye, and certainly a more luxuriously fitted up craft has rarely been seen. Cavillers have lately been criticising Mr. Goelet's fancy for chartering this very well known yacht, and not building one for himself. The best form nowadays is to build one's house and one's yacht, for then there can be no unpleasant associations, and it is far more original to follow out one's tastes and fancies than to use anything which has been designed by somebody else. However, the yacht is a very luxurious one, and the good times people are having on board her now will probably obliterate the memory of bygone days. Mr. Perry Belmont has also been entertaining very extensively on his beautiful yacht.

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An idea for a dinner decoration was successfully carried out here a few days ago. A large mirror plateau, oval in form, was surrounded by a border of light grasses and tiny pink and blue blossoms. In the centre were several pretty rush baskets tied together with green ribbons, the ends of the rushes showing beyond. These were filled with aquatic grasses, pale blue and pink lilies and some downward trails of green leaves. It was all very pretty and graceful.

WHAT SHE WEARS

"THere was a time," says a caustic English critic, who has been recently passing the London season, and the men and women who go to make it up, in review before him, "when well-brushed hair and a clean face were considered essential to a well-bred lady." That period seems to have been relegated to the past, in both England and America, for one rarely sees in these days a woman over five and twenty whose skin is not medicated with unguents and cosmetics, and whose hair is either of the color or the texture that God made it. A fashionable fin de siècle woman "washes" her face with vaseline and cold cream to remove dust and soil. No fresh, pure water ever touches it. At night she covers it with various scented ointments to "prevent wrinkles," as she fondly hopes—forgetting that with the pores clogged with grease the skin can perform none of its functions, and one of nature's great drains to the system is thus cut off from its work. In a ball-room it is pitiful to see a handsome woman, still in her first youth, whose complexion shows signs of the damage done by high living and late hours with the "Bloom of Youth," which is a cosmetic composed of carmine and white lead, thickly enameled on her features, and which the merciless electric light reveals to all beholders. And then the uncertainty attending these beautifying applications.

There are those who do it with an artist's brush, and so blend the red and white that only a very practised eye can detect the fact that nature's cunning hand has not laid it on. Others, again, and these are most often elderly women, make a miserable daub of the countenance that nature intended, even in age, to be soft and pure, and beaming with kindliness and intelligence. The paint is laid on so thickly as almost to destroy the expression of the features, and the splashes of light color here and there are suggestive of nothing but an Indian chief in war paint and feathers.

The hair also is subjected to endless alterations. We have it in lemon color, straw color, wine color, with necessarily no light or shade upon it, and so frizzed, curled and tortured, that the natural gloss no longer exists. As for brushes—they are purely ornamental in these days, and lie in their silver and ivory beauty on a lady's toilet table, quite useless and unused. The hair is combed occasionally, and washed with soda and lemon juice to destroy the coloring fluid, but curling is the great operation to which it is subjected, and in the curling it is frequently singed and even burned. So our English critic has truth on his side, when he says that a woman with a clean face and well-brushed hair is not often seen in these days. Perhaps when the fashions of 1830 are fairly established a return to smooth hair and well-scrubbed faces may be expected. But it is doubtful whether they will ever again be popular.

As the summer days shorten and autumn breezes make themselves felt, yachting and bathing costumes pass out of sight, and at Newport, Bar Harbor, and even in city parks, saddle horses with lady riders are beginning to be seen. And here, again, the greatest possible difference is apparent in the riding habits and hats of equestrians, which formerly were neat, tight and natty to the last degree, but are now loose and slovenly, consisting of a short, skimpy skirt of any color that may be most convenient, an open covert coat over an ill-fitting blouse and surmounted by a red or blue tie. In olden times the tight cloth bodice fitted like a glove, showing, without exposing, the symmetrical figure of the wearer, and the long sweeping lines of the skirt draped the lower limbs and also the trousers in which they were encased. And then the high hat with the little mask veil gave an inexpressible "chic" to the rider which the jaunty straw of to-day, worn over a curled bang, and a chignon that will wobble in spite of innumerable hairpins, utterly fails to impart. And so, in spite of the fact that saddle horses have improved a hundred per cent. in the last twenty years, and women have a far better seat than they had in olden times, a "lady on horseback," at which small boys gaze admiringly, is not the thing of beauty that once she was.

AS IT SEEMS TO A VERY YOUNG "HER"

Why is it that so many women who desire to please men display so little tact as to copy masculinity, as far as possible, both in dress and manner?

It was with the greatest delight that I saw the era of tailor-made gowns and the tailor-made girl disappear; they were so unfeminine. Nothing can be prettier, for either young or old, than the present styles if judiciously selected; but how many women think of this? Some seem to have a penchant for making guys of themselves. Certainly a dark woman of sense (and flesh) should know that a costume becoming a slight and delicate blonde would hardly become her, and vice versâ. Then, too, if one's complexion is yellow, why wear café-au-lait? French women, who are so apt to be pale, seldom wear light shades unless they are combined with a darker color, which is always used at the throat and wrists. I once had a ball dress of Nile-green satin and tulle embroidered with pearls. It was lovely, but so unbecoming! I was in despair, when my maid suggested putting a dark green velvet band inside the neck, which addition made it my most becoming gown. It is this attention to detail which makes or mars a woman. Carelessness often amounts to slovenliness, which is the greatest sin our sex can be guilty of.

Miss M. Close, late of 26 East Thirty-third Street, has removed to more commodious quarters at 152 Madison Avenue, corner Thirty-second Street, where she will be pleased to welcome patrons, and show her latest styles and importations for the coming season.

I have been in New London for ten days, and besides the "Old Pequotters" there are a number of new-comers, among whom the Robert Remsens and the Orme-Wilsons are the most prominent. But, sad to say, there is the same awful dearth of men here as in most of our summer places.

Of course we know their excuses for not coming with us, or to us, but we also know of their clubs and other pleasures, and do not pity them as much as we otherwise might, but welcome them whenever their yachts put in an appearance, and accept their explanations as though we believed them. The women here naturally dress well, duck, linen, and cotton frocks being the favorites for morning wear. These are often worn until evening, when demi-toilette is de rigueur. Some years ago the beautiful Mrs. Hellyer, wife of one of the English Secretaries of Legation, started the fashion of wearing décolleté gowns when dining at the hotel table; but this fad soon died out. Jewels are seldom used in summer except at Newport, in fact, anywhere else I consider it bad form to appear decked in my "war-paint and feathers"; simple ornaments look so much better with simple gowns.

I am glad to see that gentlewomen have given up the semi-barbarous fashion of having their finger-nails polished until they resemble glass beads. It was never chic, and since it has been adopted by the common herd it is decidedly vulgar. The nails should be manicured regularly and kept in good order, and sometimes it is well, in case of brittleness, to use ointment or salve.

AS SEEN BY HIM

ANother run into town in midsummer—this time for a few days. The financial stringency must still be holding on with a vise-like grip—I believe that is what the newspapers call it, and the expression, although trite, is not half bad. I met over a dozen men at the club and a very sad and melancholy set they were. I heard about nothing but stocks and bonds, and silver and Congress, and predictions that the country generally was going to the "bowwows." For the rest, it was a very stuffy, hot city, with an evening

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wind like a simoon. Most extraordinary people in the streets. The hotels crowded with the South and West. The roof gardens —well, without a change of programme since the early summer, and the same stupid songs and dreary dances—very wearying. I went to a dinner with quite a jolly partie carré, under the circumstances, at a Bohemian restaurant down town, where it is considered very naughty to go and where everybody sees everybody else, and wonders why the other happened to do the very same thing. This and a supper at another unconventional resort on Sixth Avenue, with a roof garden sandwiched between, constituted the evening's frivolities. People tell me that I am forever writing about the same things. How can I help it when they themselves are always doing the same things, and hence never give me anything else to write about? After all, there is an aristocratic repose in sameness, and I like it. The distinguishing qualification of a well-bred man is that he never does anything startling.

I think that in this paper I shall dive into la vie intime, and discourse of some rather remarkable characteristics of men who, to the outer world, seem to dress well and to be quite au fait in everything they do. Hence, I shall talk about underclothes and the lingerie of my male acquaintances.

A very dear friend—an extremely jolly fellow—came into my bedroom one morning last week. We had adjoining rooms in a country house, and he was up hours before my valet had the temerity to wake me. He seemed a little awed as he walked into the room, because I was just preparing to leave my bed. He sat on the edge of a chair, stiffly and uncomfortably, I thought, and eyed me intently from the alpha to the omega of my toilet. When my valet retired and I was putting the finishing touch to my scarf, he exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "I thank you so much, old chap. I have been so much instructed and edified. It is really the first time I ever assisted at the toilet of a genuine dude." He grasped me by the hand and silently left the room. I have always considered that action one of the greatest tributes ever paid me. I have loved that man ever since as a brother and nothing shall shake my faith in his good taste and judgment.

In a former paper I described with much minuteness of detail my manner of making my morning toilet. I intend here to speak only of my friends.

Some of them, I am sorry to say, use scented soap in their bath. This is effeminate and in bad taste. I make a distinction between aromatic and perfumed soaps. The former contain frequently ingredients which are excellent for the skin. They have a pungent odor, but are not perfumed with musk or the various compounds thereof, which I abhor and detest. It is indeed bad form for a man to use perfumery of any kind, with the exception of eau de Cologne. Extracts and scents are tabooed. It has distressed me greatly to find that in every kind of hair dressing, sweet, cloying odors predominate. Everyone must use hair dressing if he wishes to wear his hair in the prevailing style. The wash I prefer the most, and which contains the best ingredients, unfortunately also has the most violent perfume. I am obliged to use it and then to have my head fanned vigorously for half an hour.

By the way, how few men know how to dress the hair becomingly. Why is it necessary to have the part an inch above the left ear. This style is suggestive of the shopkeeper with his pencil stuck over his ear. It is bad enough when you are compelled to do this, by reason of baldness, but even then I think I should prefer to wear a wig. I find that the most generally becoming way to do the hair is to part it in the middle and then brush it smoothly back on the sides. The Potter boys have a clever trick of brushing the hair back from behind the ears, instead of letting it curl up on the neck. This is both neat and becoming. We have outgrown the primitive days when it was considered foppish to part the hair in the middle. My dear deceased grandfather, from whom I had great expectations, would never allow me when a boy to adopt this fashion, and during his life I had to wear it in a most old and unbecoming style. I ventured one day—the first of my vacation after my Freshman year—to come down stairs withmy hair arranged in the latest and most approved Harvard mode, and I was at once sent back to my room by the old gentleman, who would not allow me at the breakfast table until I had altered my "coiffure." But I was determined to gain my point and the day after his decease I joyfully arranged my hair as I desired and went to his funeral with it parted in the middle.

This fashion I still affect.

Every man should have his hair cut either by his valet or his barber at least once a fortnight. Some men who have incompetent valets have their barbers visit them every Sunday morning. One man who had an appointment with me to go to old Trinity was abominably late. He excused himself by saying that he really forgot that it was Sunday until he opened his eyes and saw his barber sitting in the anteroom, waiting for him. He then remembered what day it was. This always distinguished Sunday from the other days in his calendar, until his barber fell ill and did not appear. That catastrophe so bewildered him that he did not get his bearings until the next week.

Americans have at last discovered, that it is extremely unhealthful to swathe themselves from head to foot in flannels or silk, when the mercury is ninety in the shade. But as we are appropriating all that is good and sensible in foreign fashions to ourselves, we are each year becoming more civilized in these respects. I suppose some thin-blooded men are obliged to wear silk next to the skin all the year, but young men generally dispense with all but the linen shirt and linen drawers to the knee. It is difficult to purchase these latter articles in this country. They always have to be made to order. One of the English Secretaries of Legation went to a diplomatic reception given at the White House in June with his Court dress buttoned next to his skin. Perhaps it was because he was unable to purchase, in Washington, linen underwear of the style described above. He lacked the ingenuity of one of my young friends there, who having lost his boxes, bought the ordinary jean articles and then cut them off at the knee. This did very well until they began to fray, and then, being a nervous man, he went almost crazy.

There is as much latitude allowed in hosiery as in underclothes. Some men will wear nothing but silk. I knew a Society woman who refused to speak to one of her friends because she did not wear silk stockings. Eating a philopena with me, some time afterwards, and losing, she sent me a pair of elaborately embroidered silk ones. I always wondered if she suspected me of a like offense. Stockings are one of my extravagances. I have any number of them and I am fond of those most effective in color and design, but at the same time subdued, and not glaring in tone. Flashy stockings are an abomination. Lisle thread are equally good form with silk, although one should always wear the latter with pumps. Speaking of stockings naturally suggests garters. I do not consider these articles good form for men. A well-fitting stocking always stays up without artificial aid. If your anatomy is such that your stockings continually wrinkle, then you may have to wear the intimate garment, not abridged at the knee. In that case use safety pins.

I have observed sins against every one of these simple precepts in the rooms and among the lingerie of my friends. A gentleman cannot be a gentleman unless he is perfect in every detail. A good tailor is not alone sufficient. A man should not be a whited sepulchre. Let him take a good hour to dress in the morning. He will have the consciousness of being well groomed, and a man clean without is sure to be wholesome within. I never admired that old saint who remained twenty years on a pillar without a tub. I consider him a very despicable individual and a decided menace to Society. In like manner a man should see that his bedroom is orderly. If he should have the misfortune to be without a valet, he should attend to it himself. It is better to do that than to be slovenly. I could not but smile when I read in a little country paper the other day a simple rule to be followed by the summer "visitors" in the "guests' chamber" of a rural farm house. "Always," read this maxim, "empty your basin as soon as you have washed. Never leave water standing in it. Try and do many of these little things about your room, because your hostess is a busy woman." Of course, such a rule would never apply to one of us, but I think that it contains a principle well worth noting. Disorder of manner cannot but follow from disorder of dress.

In answer to H. F. M., Baltimore, the paper stamped as it is is the best form he can possibly use. This he read in a former paper, and Him congratulates H. F. M. upon his good sense in adopting Him's suggestions, but wishes to add that if he will use a stub pen his handwriting will be more fashionable. It is very bad form to shade any letter. Ornamental penmanship with flourishes is left to writing masters and the business college, where they write the Constitution and Lord's Prayer "artistically," and expose them framed in walnut at railroad stations and in hotel parlors

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PLAY HOUSE GOSSIP

Richard Mansfield has finished his cruise on his yacht, Her Royal Highness, and is now at the Victoria Hotel with his wife, who is known on the stage as Beatrice Cameron. Mr. Mansfield tells me that while he has a number of new plays, several of which he will put into rehearsal as soon as his tour begins, he does not care to mention their titles or the names of their authors, for the very good and venerable reason, as he says, that there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip; meaning that the uncertainty as to the desire of the public and as to his own immediate plans may change his repertoire at almost any time. In spite of the fact that the bill boards in front of Herrmann's Theatre announce that Mr. Mansfield will begin an extended engagement there on October 9th, Mr. Mansfield will not play at that house.

Harrigan's Theatre reopened on August 28th with a revival of Mr. Harrigan's local drama, Dan's Tribulations. When this play was produced originally ten years ago at the Theatre Comique, by Harrigan and Hart, it was received with shouts of laughter. It remains to be seen whether time has withered or custom staled it. Unless my memory fails me, however, it is one of Mr. Harrigan's most grotesque and humorous concoctions.

The position Mr. Harrigan has made for himself among metropolitan actors is thoroughly artistic and the kind of entertainment he offers is unlike that seen at any other theatre. He gives us scenes and characters from what is termed the low life of New York, but there is never anything vulgar or vicious in what he puts upon the stage. Certainly the drama would be quite as tiresome were we to see simply society plays as it would be were we to see only pieces that reflect the life of Shantytown or the Bowery.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre is to reopen, I hear, on September 4th, with the production of In Missouri, by Augustus Thomas, with Nat C. Goodwin in the character of a Missouri sheriff. The play has already been produced out of town. After sifting the various reports that reach me, I should say it is likely to make a success here. For the first time since his production of The Gold Mine, Mr. Goodwin has attempted to play a serious part in a serious way, and I hear that the audiences have been unwilling to accept his performance in the spirit intended and have sometimes laughed when Mr. Goodwin meant they should cry.

There is no doubt of the fact that Mr. Goodwin is, in spite of himself, one of our very best actors, but his tendency to "guy" during a performance is deplorable. He likes to nod across the footlights to a friend and to introduce, on the spur of the moment, dialogue irrelevant to the piece, and calculated to perpetrate a joke on some one of his fellow actors. Possibly this is what he has been doing In Missouri. I hope that by the time he reaches New York he will have come to the conclusion that there is a place for all things, and that the introduction of anything not on the bill will not be received at all favorably by a New York audience.

The reopening of the Empire Theatre with the production of Liberty Hall, by R. C. Carton, the English dramatist, brings once more into line a local stock company. There are many nowadays that feel that a play is not what it should be when it fails to shock by a series of "strong situations." These people, I believe, were disappointed in Liberty Hall. I think, however, that there are plenty of theatre-goers who still care for plays of the Robertson school, such as Caste, Home, and School; and to this category belongs Liberty Hall. There is, at least, one character in it—that of William Todman, the superannuated bookseller, who has been browbeaten throughout life, but whose gentle nature and tender sentiment have never been impaired—that may be set down as a new stage character, and it is played with remarkable delicacy and pathos by W. H. Crompton, a veteran actor who is too little known here.

Marcus Mayer, who is to direct the forthcoming tour of Mme. Patti, tells me with almost tears in his eyes that this is really and truly the last time Patti will ever sing in America. What, after all, if Mr. Mayer is right? for there is no doubt that there will some time or other be a last time in the case of Patti and America. This particular "farewell," says Mr. Mayer, is simply to this country; the Diva will continue singing for several years to come in England. Patti will arrive here the first week in November and she will sing from then until March, appearing in every city of importance. She will be accompanied, of course, by the inevitable Arditti. I believe it is on record that Arditti has conducted the orchestra when Patti has not sung, but I have never heard that Patti has ever sung without Arditti in the conductor's chair.

There has been much speculation, ever since the season of opera in London began, as to why Emma Eames was not engaged to sing there, especially as it was understood when Miss Eames left America a year ago that her contract was ready to be signed for her appearance at Covent Garden. Now that the London opera season has come to an end, I have ascertained the reason that Miss Eames was left out of the company. It was due to the fact that she had offended Lady DeGray by not accepting her ladyship's invitation to sing at a vaudeville performance that Lady DeGray gave at her country place at Richmond. Lady DeGray is the power behind the throne at Covent Garden. She has obtained most of the subscriptions from stockholders, and it is her custom to sit in the pit during rehearsals and exchange gossip and deliver instructions. Fortunately, Lady DeGray's authority does not extend to the Metropolitan Opera House. Miss Eames is expected here about the middle of September and will proceed at once to Chicago.

In a few weeks Julia Arthur, the leading lady of The Prodigal Daughter at the American Theatre, will retire from that company to resume her position as leading lady of A. M. Palmer's stock company. Mss Arthur will be succeeded in Mr. French's organization by Adelaide Prince, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. French is now of the opinion that The Prodigal Daughter will run until Christmas. It will then be toured with the original cast and it will be followed at the American Theatre by the production of a spectacular drama called The Land of Gold.

K.

HORSE NOTES

On Monday, three California-bred trotters were shipped from Palo Alto to Russia. They were consigned to the Czar, as the result of a trade made by Senator Stanford over two years ago, but only consummated a short time before his death. The terms were that the Czar should exchange one Orloff stallion and two Orloff mares, from the Imperial stable of Russia, for the same number of American trotters, bred at Palo Alto. Senator Stanford selected Ela, Piney and Fairest, as the three to be sent to Russia, but the latter recently died, and another stallion, Good Gift, was chosen to fill his place. Good Gift is a bay stallion, seven years old, and was sired by Electioneer. He was bred at Palo Alto, and his dam, Miss Gift, was a thoroughbred mare by the great sire of California racehorses, Wild Idle. The two mares are handsome specimens of the American trotter. Ela is by Woolsey, a son of Electioneer, and full brother to the renowned Sunol. Piney is also by Electioneer, and is out of Piney Lewis, a Longfellow mare. The Orloff mares given in exchange are at present in the Russian exhibit at Chicago, but will be sent to Palo Alto in a few weeks.

The Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association will hold its annual autumn trotting meeting at Lexington, from Saturday, October 7th, to October 14th. New land has been acquired since the meeting of 1892, and a new track, which is now nearing completion, has been built. The new track will be one of the best in the country. The plans show that it will be of the regulation shape, ninety feet wide on the home stretch and seventy feet at its narrowest part on the back stretch. The width of the new track will do away with the bitter complaints of former years about the narrow stretches, and its inability to accommodate other than small fields. The Transylvania Stakes, for trotters eligible for the 2:18 class, which will be decided on October 10th, will be the blue ribbon event of the meeting. This stake was instituted in 1889, and although it is not the richest of the meeting, it is the most coveted. It was in this event last year that the great five-year-old Kremlin cut down a high-class field of twelve in 2:11½, 2:13 and 2:11¾. In the preceding year the blind stallion, Cheyenne, carried off the ribbon. Much of the interest in the great trots at Lexington, is derived from the fact that they occur when the Grand Circuit in the East, and most of the prominent Western meetings are over, so the Blue Grass track becomes the common battle-ground of the cracks of both sections.

Many of the followers of the Grand Circuit were surprised to see among the entries in the 2:16 class trot at Fleetwood the name of Abbie V., by Aberdeen. Abbie V. was supposed to have died in May, and her obituary was printed in most of the American turf papers. The story of her death, however, proved to be a canard, and gained circulation in this manner: John Turner, her trainer, was working her over the Belmont track one day, when she picked up a nail. Turner wrote out a dispatch saying that she was "dead lame." He became dissatisfied with the wording of the mes-

sage, tore it up, and threw the pieces away, but not until his action had been noticed by an enterprising newspaper correspondent. The latter gathered up the fragments of the telegram, but did not find the piece on which the last word, "lame," was written. Consequently he made it read "the mare is dead." When the old gray campaigner was sent out for her trial work last week, many of the Fleetwood men who had read of her death, and had not seen it contradicted in any of the papers, thought that they were looking at a spirit from the happy hunting grounds of the horse.

The stringency in the money market has been felt to a great extent in the betting rings of the race-tracks. The bookmakers, and the heavy speculators are having plenty of trouble in getting currency to carry on their business, for theirs is essentially a cash business, in which even certified checks are not allowed to become factors. Some of the heavy speculators, who have been in the habit of wagering thousands of dollars during the course of an afternoon, now have to confine themselves to hundreds. Mr. M. F. Dwyer, one of he largest race-horse owners of the East, and one of the most persistent bettors in the country, is one of the class referred to. Mr. Dwyer has been known to bet more than $70,000 in an afternoon. He is one of the very few men who do heavy betting on credit, settling his accounts on the morning of the day following the one on which his bets are made. Inability to get the cash on his personal check without paying a heavy premium is what has caused Mr. Dwyer's operations to dwindle down into hundreds. George Smith, commonly known as "Pittsburg Phil," is another who has had to curb his speculative tendencies for a time. He was obliged to pay a premium of $240 in order to get $10,000 from his bank, and wisely concluded that the deal was a good one to let alone. The amount of gold coin to be seen at the race-tracks now is marvelous. Scarcely a winning ticket is cashed that is not paid partly in gold. The betting men do not like gold, for it is unwieldy, and is troublesome to handle when one is in the midst of an excited crowd.

John F. Kelly, a practical machinist and horse fancier, living in Bangor, Maine, is the inventor of a unicycle sulky. The wheel is forty inches in diameter, and the seat is directly over the ball-bearing centre. A great saving of weight, draught and friction is claimed over other sulkies. Neither traces nor breeching will be used with the new sulky.

Fred Ashenden, of Tattersall's, has taken a a pair of four-in-hand teams to Newport where he will teach aspiring youths how to tool a coach. Mr. Ashenden is probably the best professional whip in the country, and has an intimate acquaintance with every point of the horse that is required in this market.

The latest accessible figures show that Russia, with twenty million head, is the most populous horse country in the world. Our own country ranks next, with a population of sixteen million, but in proportion to the number of inhabitants the Argentine Republic far surpasses both countries. There is said to be more horses than people in that South American Republic. H.

YACHTING NOTES

With the Astor Cup races finished, the New York Yacht Club cruise ended, the memories of the cruise are not altogether pleasant. The Corinthian race was postponed. The proposed races for the Atlantic Yacht Club were abandoned, as was Commodore Colt's cup race. This makes a decided lull in yachting matters, which will be soon broken by the trial races for the selection of a cup defender—the first of which will take place on Thursday next, September 7. General Paine and the Pilgrim syndicate are still "thinking," the Rogers syndicate have evidently put all the "thought" they can bestow into Colonia, and yet yachtsmen in general, while conceding that Vigilant has thus far proven herself the best boat, are not committed to the belief that she will necessarily be chosen for the honor of contesting the possession of the much-coveted silver mug with Valkyrie.

Pilgrim seems to be the only boat of the "big four" whose chances are apparently hopeless. As was cleverly remarked by a New York yachtsman on Goelet Cup race day at Newport:

"She's but a pilgrim here;
Boston is her home."

It is a matter of congratulation to all old yachtsmen, at least, that the purely American type of yacht, the centerboard sloop, represented by Vigilant, now seems to be likely to be chosen as the cup defender. Tin keels, which are, after all, only racing machines, appear to have been developed to the point of danger and non-utility, and the signs are that the craze for them is on the wane.

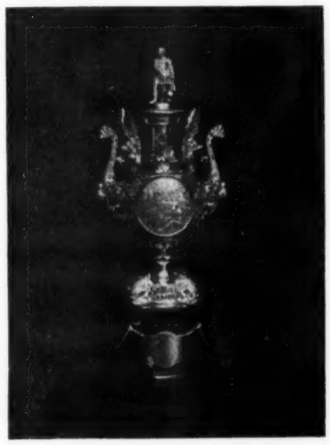
Few people, and, indeed, few yachtsmen, have any idea of the enormous cost of building and racing a "cup defender." When it is estimated that the cost of building and racing Vigilant thus far is nearly $100,000, the truth of the old yachtsman's remark that international yacht racing has become and will hereafter be the sport of millionaires, becomes at once evident. The sails alone of Vigilant, some of which are largely of silk, cost $14,000, and this for material only. Her racing crew consists of upward of forty men, each of whom is paid $5 on race days, and most of whom have received high wages and their board for some weeks past. To these expenses must be added those for extra spars, frequent "haul outs," towing, etc. The remaining big sloops, while perhaps not costing as much, are quite as expensively run as Vigilant has been, and are almost as costly proportionately as that. It is safe to say that America will probably pay nearly half a million dollars in her efforts to retain the cup.

The rivalry between the owners of the four big sloops is best evidenced by the care that was taken in the recent races off Newport to have every boat in the best possible condition and to neglect nothing that would give any one of them an advantage over her rivals. Vigilant, among whose owners are the Belmont brothers, had the advantage of August Belmont's steam yacht Ituna as a tender. When her rivals were endeavoring to pick up the not always easily discernible "turning marks" in the Astor Cup contests, Vigilant made direct for Ituna, which had been privately ordered to sight the "turning marks" and lie at a short distance from it, and this was not discovered until near the close of the second race. In their efforts to lighten the sloops in every possible way, the few detachable cabin fittings, even, were left ashore, and in the Goelet Cup race, it is stated on good authority, that Pilgrim discarded her anchors and only carried a sufficient quantity of water to last her large crew during the few hours which it was supposed the race would consume. As will be remembered, the Goelet Cup race was a long drift, and many of the racing boats were out all night. With no wind and with a heavy fog,

GOELET CUP FOR SLOOPS

Pilgrim might have, in default of anchors, gone ashore, and, it is said, her crew suffered from thirst and hunger. This is racing with a vengeance, but can hardly be called seamanship. The leaving of heavy cabin fittings may be sensible. Pilgrim, in fact, has no partitions in her cabins, but uses only cloth portières; but filled water casks and anchors are necessary equipments of any vessel sailing outside a harbor and exposed to the vicissitudes of wind and wave.

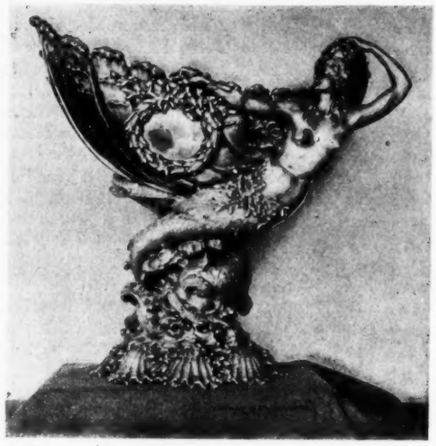
From all indications, and despite the money stringency, the local and international races promise to attract public interest to an extra-



BRENTON REEF CUP

ordinary degree. We may miss the great aquatic spectacle of the last contests, when held in the Lower Bay of New York, as the outside races will not permit the attendance of so many vessels, but the interest will not be less intense.

ASTOR CUP NO. 2



GOELET CUP FOR SCHOONERS

MORGAN CUP NO. 1

GERRY TESTIMONIAL

THE WELD CUP

MORGAN CUP NO. 2

$10,000 STEAM YACHT CUP

ASTOR CUP NO. 1

CAPE MAY CUP

SOME OF THE PRIZE YACHT CUPS FOR 1893 DESIGNED BY TIFFANY & CO.